

## we've got a bit of love hate

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## we've got a bit of love hate

by [brokenlikeastitch](#)

### Summary

“George, how do you feel about playing against an old rival tomorrow?”

He hummed, twiddling his thumbs, feigning boredom, “You mean Dream? I’m not worried about him in the slightest.”

The room went silent, and the PR guy sighed, motioning for another reporter to speak. She asked, “Have you been able to share any tactics with your teammates about playing against Dream. He’s one of the top players on the Union’s roster, so I imagine it must be a bit daunting preparing to go up against him.”

George shrugged, “Dream is dogwater, we could have a random walk-on come in and beat him tomorrow night. That’s what I told my team.”

“Oh god,” the PR rep whispered, head buried in his hands.

--

Or: Dream and George have been together since college but no one can tell.

### Notes

george plays for the new york red bulls and dream for the philadelphia union  
a friend drew soccer gnf and i went into brainrot...

dnf is slightly andreil coded here too, drew some inspiration from their dynamic!!

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

It started out a bit as a joke during their college days. George had to admit he wasn't the most...emotionally available when he first met people. Whether it was because of how ridiculously competitive he was or because his social interaction threshold was *low* he wasn't sure, but whatever the reason, it caused a few issues with one of his teammates in particular.

**@dreamwastaken:** can't believe a pro team actually wanted george wtf

-- **@georgenotfound:** jealousy isn't a good colour for u dream

---- **@dreamwastaken:** how would u know, ur colorblind idiot

The two boys spent most of their time fighting, each of them intentionally pushing each other's buttons, trying to get the other to snap first. *Allegedly*. Their feud was pretty well talked about in the sports world, much to their teammates' equal horror and amusement.

**@georgenotfound:** maybe if dream actually stfu for once he'd be good at football

-- **@dreamwastaken:** soccer\*

They won two NCAA titles together, chemistry unmatched on the field, but in the end, teams didn't want to take a risk on two guys who clearly hated each other. It worked in college, but the balance seemed precarious, and it was too expensive to take on two talented guys who may cause issues in the locker room.

But that's not really how it was because in the end, Dream loved George more than anyone else in his life, and supposedly cold George was incredibly soft for his lovable boyfriend. Their college teammates knew, they witnessed the annoying dance the two did around each other for a year before getting their shit together, but they played along.

**@dreamwastaken:** lmao george has the worst right footed shot i've ever seen in my entire life

-- **@georgenotfound:** watching my game tape rn idiot?

---- **@sapnap:** both of u go to sleep, it's literally 4 a.m.

----- **@georgenotfound:** no one asked

Dream graduated a year after George with several prospects going into the draft, but ultimately it came down to one. He wanted to be close to George's team, and anything else was a dealbreaker. George was furious when Dream told him, not wanting his boyfriend to throw away a possible career opportunity for him, but to Dream, their relationship was far more important than soccer.

**Text Message: georgie, teammate (#12)**

**georgie:** dream, you're being an idiot i hear...as usual

**teammate (#12):** sue me for wanting to be close?? did sapnap rat me out

**georgie:** he did and fine, i will. i'm coming for all your money

**teammate (#12):** you're the one with the professional contract. i'm but a broke college senior.

**georgie:** you're only with me for the money? heart been broke so many times :')

**georgie:** but really, if someone other than philly is willing to give you a better opportunity pls at least consider taking it. okay?

**teammate (#12):** i would say okay but that's a lie, i'm pretty much set

They watched the draft together in George's New York apartment, curled up on the couch with Patches, Dream's kitten, on the floor in front of them. Dream pressed a kiss to George's cheek when they announced it and George felt his lips quirk up in a smile.

George sighed, "You got what you wanted. Happy?"

"Ecstatic," Dream reassured.

He watched as George pulled his phone out and opened up Twitter, laughing while George typed.

**@georgenotfound:** huge philly L tonight

-- **@dreamwastaken:** i'm just living rent free, huh?

---- **@georgenotfound:** yeah actually, pay up asshole

----- **@dreamwastaken:** never :)

George scoffed and tossed his phone to the side, tackling Dream immediately after.

With a huff, George shoved Dream's shoulder, "You're so annoying."

"Love you too, Idiot."

They got *some* attention in college, and they got more when George went pro, but it wasn't until Dream made it pro that they *really* started to get online interactions. New York fans *loved* George. He was talented and he was attractive, and that was all it really took for fans to flock to him. Dream was the antagonist to their side of the feud, and they loved to remind him.

**@georgenotfound:** can't wait to play in front of everyone again soon! excited for the new season :]

-- **@dreamwastaken:** attention whore

---- **@14redbulls:** ratio + get a real job

----- **@georgenotfound:** yeah dream get a real job u loser

After social media picked up the hostility, it was quickly followed by the actual beat reporters for their teams. Dream was personable, he did a lot of post game media in college, and with a bit of training, he'd probably do it for his pro team too.

George though, he had less patience and was more likely to say something ridiculous to either piss them off or freak them out intentionally. Their college coach rarely made him participate because they were so scared of what could possibly leave his mouth. George's new coach had no such qualms.

“It’ll make good entertainment, good coverage for the team,” he told George the day before they were meant to play Dream’s team for the first time since he was drafted. George just shrugged, he figured he could probably get something funny out of it to send to Dream, and he trusted his coach, he was the only guy in the organization that knew about Dream and George.

He left the locker room and walked down the facility hall to the media room, warmup jacket slung over his shoulders, with a small smile on his face. Everyone was shocked when he stepped through the door because of how infrequently they were actually able to speak to him.

George sat down and cleared his throat, “Hi.”

The team’s PR rep looked horrified, clearly the coach decided not to disclose exactly who he was sending in. George was given a warning look, probably meant to keep him from saying anything stupid, but he disregarded it immediately, especially once the questions started.

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“Oh god,” the PR rep whispered, head buried in his hands.

The next reporter just went, not waiting for a signal, “Have you kept up with how Dream is playing this season since your teams are so close by?”

“Why is this all about Dream?” George asked, “Aren’t you guys here to interview *me*? ”

It did get them back on track, and it did make Dream laugh when George showed him the clips later that night.

**@dreamwastaken:** damn even his own team’s beat reporters know i’m more interesting than gnf

-- **@georgenotfound:** check that ego before i check it for you

---- **@dreamwastaken:** is that a threat?

----- **@georgenotfound:** no it’s a promise.....

The first time they played, the day after George’s disastrous media showing, it was rough. George was on the bench in the locker room checking over his ankle wraps one last time when Quackity sat down next to him.

“George! Need me to kick Dream’s ass for you?”

“Nah, I can handle Dream.”

Quackity laughed, “Good, love the confidence, you’ll need it.”

George shrugged, “Doubt it, I’m pretty well-versed in Dream’s playing style. We’ll either win or we’ll tie, but we’re not losing this.”

“Oh, from college?” Quackity asked, “I figured he might’ve changed a bit since then.”

“Sure,” was George’s cryptic answer. He left the locker room and headed down the hall toward the visitor’s locker room. To his happiness, Dream slipped out, everything ready to go but his cleats, and smiled brightly at George.

“Georgie! Good luck today!”

Dream opened his arms and George walked into them, breathing in the familiar scent of home, squeezing Dream’s torso tight in a hug. They stayed there for a long time, probably too long, and eventually George had to pull away, “Try not to make my teammates look too dumb out there.”

Brushing a thumb over George’s cheekbone, Dream’s smile softened, “Same to you.”

“Oh that’s inevitable,” George joked, “your teammates have nothing on me.”

Dream scoffed, “Don’t say that too loud, they’ll all hate me.”

“No one could hate you, Dream, even though you are fraternizing with the enemy.”

“Love you too, George,” he said, pressing a gentle kiss to George’s forehead, “and be safe.”

“Be safe,” George echoed, resisting every urge to pull Dream back to him as he walked away, back into the visitor’s locker room.

*Be safe* was something they started Dream’s junior year after he got targeted and ended up with a concussion just before the playoffs. George was distraught, unable to see his boyfriend and without answers about how he was doing, he never wanted to go through it again. Dream wasn’t the most superstitious, but George was, so Dream indulged his little ritual.

“Dream, your partner is terrible, but you’re worse,” George yelled a little ways across the field. It maybe wasn’t overly professional of him, but it was fun.

Dream snorted, “What’s that say about you then, scoreless?”

“I have two assists, more useful than you’ve been, idiot. I’ve barely even broken a sweat.”

Dream was used to teasing, it was similar to their practices together in the middle of the night. Unfortunately, Dream’s other center back wasn’t, and neither he nor George realized it until it was too late.

“Damn, Dream, thank your team for me.”

“Why?” his lips were twitching, like he already knew where George was going.

George smirked, “For the night off. Easiest game I’ve played in my life.”

And that was it. The next time George got the ball, the other center back charged, not even attempting to go for the ball. George wasn’t expecting it at all, didn’t even have time to try and dodge, and the bigger defender crashed into him from behind like a ton of bricks.

Air flew out of his lungs as he crumpled to the ground, landing hard on his right wrist. The whistle blew and play stopped as the other defender squatted over him to hiss, “Stay down, bitch.”

Dream, furious, stalked over and yanked his teammate to his feet by his collar. He stepped forward into the guy's personal space, practically nose to nose, and George couldn't hear what he was saying, but he was sure it wasn't pleasant.

Karl, one of Dream's teammates that George had actually met before, walked over and pulled Dream away, shaking his head warningly at the still fuming boy before shoving him in George's direction. Dream looked down and caught sight of George, jaw clenched and chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath again, clutching at his throbbing wrist.

"Georgie," he bent over, running a hand through George's sweaty hair, "is it just your wrist?"

"Can't. Breathe," George choked out, tears starting to fall as Dream moved closer to brush them away.

Dream hummed, "In through your nose, out through your mouth, yeah? You can do it, you're okay."

George tried to mimic his exaggerated breathing, managing to get the sobs under control after a few minutes, enough for the trainers to be able to work on his wrist. Dream never left his side, staying close to comfort him when it hurt so bad he cried out.

"I think something might be fractured," one of the trainers muttered before looking at Dream, "help us get him up?"

"Yeah, sure," Dream responded, a bit surprised at being included, and he slowly helped George stand. George clutched his hand hard, teeth gritted, and limped toward the locker room, still clearly shaken up.

"You're doing so well, George. We're almost there and then we can sit."

Dream volunteered to drive when they brought up emergency care. The trainer nodded, "We can wrap it, but I think it needs an X-ray."

They waited for George to calm down fully before Dream brought him to the car. Neither of them noticed their teammates waiting at the edge of the tunnel, eyes wide in shock. Dream did look when Karl called out, "Keep me updated, Dream!"

"Will do," he shouted back over his shoulder.

George was quiet, staring at the window for most of the drive until the end when he turned to face Dream, "Twitter's going to have a field day with that one, huh?"

"Oh god."

**@georgenotfound:** thanks for all the kind wishes! it's a small break, so i won't have to miss much! be back on the field soon :]

-- **@gogyenjoyer:** that was so scary!! rest up george!!

-- **@NewYorkRedBulls:** Get well soon, George!

---- **@14redbulls:** union are always so dirty, that was a gutless hit!!

**@dreamwastaken:** :(

-- **@georgenotfound:** :(

The internet loved their maybe positive interaction, and George watched in amusement from his bed as the speculations started. Enemies to lovers was a phrase thrown around quite a few times. He liked to read the theories to Dream over FaceTime dinners from their separate apartments.

“Listen to this one,” he cleared his throat dramatically, eyes skimming to his phone quickly to see Dream watching him unblinkingly, “we were roommates in college and through late nights doing schoolwork and football, we fell in love.”

Dream scrunched his nose in confusion, “That’s what happened though.”

“I know. I just think it’s funny that there are a bunch of responses underneath that one saying they’re wrong.”

**@gogsnotfound:** dream and george definitely fell in love in college and u can’t tell me it wasn’t over late nights on the soccer field together

-- **@uniondream:** nah, they hated each other too much back then, i remember. maybe after george graduated!!!

-- **@12dream:** they? aren’t? together? though?

---- **@gogsnotfound:** i mean....did u see what happened last weekend? that was something no???

----- **@12dream:** dream was helping his friend

**@gogsnotfound:** “friend” lmao

**@unionredbulls:** all this speculation abt dre and george when we could literally just ask their college friends that are on this hellsite

-- **@gogyenjoyer:** doubt they’d even tell the truth lol

George hummed under his breath as he scrolled, and Dream ate, unconcerned about Twitter past whatever George was telling him. He did pause and look up when he realized George had gone quiet. The other boy was staring at his phone, eyebrows raised almost to his hairline.

“What’s wrong, Georgie?”

“Kind of in the mood to cause some controversy.”

“George,” Dream sighed, resting his chin on his palm, “why?”

“I’m bored, Dream. They have me stuck inside all the time and I can’t do anything fun. All I can do is mess with people on Twitter.”

“Fine,” he relented reluctantly.

**@georgenotfound:** one time i passed on dream in a smash or pass game and i’d do it again lol

He heard Dream’s phone buzz and a few seconds later, he choked. George dissolved into laughter as his boyfriend hacked up soda, trying to catch his breath.

-- **dreamwastaken:** W H A T ?!?

---- **@georgenotfound:** u heard :P

“George what the hell?” Dream wheezed, throat aching a bit from the choking, “that wasn’t your normal bullying.”

“I’m mixing it up,” George joked, “you should try it Mr. One Trick Pony.”

George looked down just in time to see their friend respond.

**@Ranboosaysstuff:** mom!!! dnf are being annoying on the tl again!!

-- **@14redbulls:** what is dnf??

---- **@Ranboosaysstuff:** u don’t want to know

----- **@14redbulls:** yes i do :/

**@tommyinnit:** dnf

**@WilburSoot:** dnf

**@Punztw:** dnf

**@theawesamduude:** dnf

**@unionredbulls:** what is happening rn??? i feel so out of the loop :((

-- **@gogyenjoyer:** someone help, last year’s roster is losing it..... i’ll figure it out ig

**@gogyenjoyer:** hey! @sapnap what is dnf?

-- **@sapnap:** the bane of my fucking existence

---- **@unionredbulls:** nice!! that’s helpful

**@drementhusiast:** WHAT IS DNF AND WHY IS IT A SECRET

“Oh my god,” Dream spoke, looking up from his phone, eyes shining with amusement, “they asked Sap.”

“No way?” George laughed, knowing how much Sapnap must’ve hated it.

Dream snorted, “He texted me.”

**Text Message: sap, dream**

**sap:** tell george to stop provoking twitter.

**dream:** but he’s bored and hurt

**sap:** he’s causing problems

**sap:** if he’s that bored, i’ll come visit during fall break

**dream:** he said he’d love that

**sap:** tell that rich fucker to buy my ticket, i'm still in college

George was ecstatic when Sapnap finally showed up. He'd been cooped up and unable to see Dream and the rest of his team, and he was so tired of staring at the damn wall. Sapnap pulled him into a tight hug, conscious of the broken arm, and George sank into his embrace.

"Sap," he mumbled, "missed you."

"Missed you too. It's not the same without you and Dream."

"You're next right?" George asked, pulling away to look the other boy in the eye.

Sapnap shrugged, avoiding George's gaze, "Maybe. I don't know, it depends on who's interested I think."

"Has anyone talked to you?"

A small smile grew on Sapnap's face, and he looked a little proud, "Red Bulls."

"What!" George leapt up, shaking Sapnap's shoulders with his good arm, "Are you serious?"

"That's part of the reason I'm here actually," he admitted, "though I did want to see you too."

They spent the next few days eating junk food and watching old games and cuddling. George joked the first night, "Please, God, will someone just hold my hand."

And Sapnap, the wonderful friend he was, indulged. They talked to Dream as much as possible, FaceTiming until they all fell asleep, Sapnap and George curled up in his kind of small bed while Dream slept in his bed two hours away.

They toured the city, George excitedly showing Sapnap around after he met with some of the recruiting staff.

"George, you have to chill buddy. I might not even come here."

"I'm incentivizing you. I need a roommate, Sapnap, this living alone life isn't for me."

"I thought you were dying to live alone. And besides, isn't the plan to move in with Dream next season."

George shrugged, "You live and you learn, plus who wouldn't want the Dream Team back together."

"Kind of me if you two are going to be gross."

George rolled his eyes and intentionally bumped his shoulder into Sapnap's, but he didn't respond further.

As one last bribe, George bought some expensive alcohol the night before Sapnap was meant to fly home, and together the two of them drank and watched Dream's game on TV before FaceTiming him when he got home.

George thought everything was fine. They woke up and ate a greasy breakfast with several cups of coffee and glasses of water each. Sapnap hugged George tightly, clinging on and whispered, "See you soon, okay."

“Win a Natty, Sap.”

And it was fine, he got to live in blissful ignorance until he opened Twitter and his entire timeline was in shambles. A drunken series of tweets from Sapnap screenshotted and plastered all over.

**@sapnap:** george is gross and sappy

-- **@unionredbulls:** proof or ur a liar

---- **@sapnap:** he just said “clay makes me better in every aspect y is he not here with me”

**@gogsnotfound:** WHO?! SOMEONE TELL ME THEY'RE SEEING SAP'S TWEETS RN !!!!

-- **@12dream:** ME I AM. WHO WAS GONNA TELL US GEORGE HAS A BOY!FRIEND!

---- **@sapnap:** ur so behind. fake fans. L

**@sapnap:** george is cuddling me rn, clay cry about it

-- **@sapnap:** update: he's crying about it hahahaha

Dream didn't respond, much to George's relief, and he was genuinely surprised no one seemed to connect that Dream was Clay. He entered the league as Dream and went by that in college too, but his name was Clay on the roster.

He guessed maybe that was a perk of seeming like enemies online? His hungover brain decided to both fuel the fire and do some damage control, and maybe he should've expected for Dream to finally respond.

**@georgenotfound:** i'm gay and my boyfriend is hotter than everyone on this app

--**@dreamwastaken:** even me?

---- **@georgenotfound:** especially u asshole.

Even with the almost disaster, they were fine, more than fine even, and when Dream's first contract season was up, he felt comfortable enough to move out of the temporary place he was staying at in the city. They talked every night, but the whole point of Dream going to Philly was so that they could live together.

They picked out a place that was a fairly easy train ride to each of their cities, midway between the two. Though his living situation had been *temporary*, Dream had gathered up quite a lot of stuff, and he and George had to spend three days throwing things out.

**@georgenotfound:** ew

*Picture attached (1): two full black trash bags, one open and overflowing with takeout containers*

-- **@dreamenthusiast:** those look like philly takeout places right?

---- **@14davidson:** i think ur right actually....

-- **@dreamwastaken:** don't be so hard on urself, i think it's a good selfie george

---- **@georgenotfound:** if u ever tweet me again it's an instant block.....

George got away with a few more tweets roasting Dream's packing skills and how clean was clean enough for his tastes. It wasn't clean enough, and George poked a box with his toe, "How the hell do you have this much shit, Dream?"

He shrugged and smiled crookedly, "I'm a sentimental guy."

"Okay," George rolled his eyes, holding up a torn piece of Christmas wrapping paper, "I see you keep only the important things...like trash."

**@dreamwastaken:** psst @georgenotfound

-- **@georgenotfound:** what

---- **@dreamwastaken:** y'all hear somethin?

**@georgenotfound:** choke you stupid racoon @dreamwastaken

-- **@dreamwastaken:** no u

---- **@georgendream:** what the hell is going on ????

Their new place was nice, and George had plenty of furniture to fill it. He moved in a few weeks before Dream, his previous lease running out first in May, and Dream was glad, deep down, because by the time he was moving in, the whole place smelled like George. Like home.

What he wasn't expecting, however, was another kitten waiting in the living room with Patches, who also moved before Dream, asleep. George smiled sheepishly, "I know we wanted to talk about it more, but I got bored and went to a shelter, and she was just calling me."

He had to admit the kitten was cute, "What's her name?"

"Well, I was thinking really hard about it, and I think I want to go with Cat."

Dream squatted down next to them, stroking across Cat's back lightly, wincing when he woke her by accident. He smiled as she pawed at his bottom lip, and he took the opportunity to look at her better.

"You know what, it suits her."

George nodded, running his hand through Dream's hair, "Patches and Cat."

Taking out his phone, Dream took a few pictures of the two cats curled together to post. George groaned and Dream gave him a look, "What?"

"Now I can't post them because people will know."

Dream rolled his eyes, "We've been trolling people on Twitter for over a year now, how would this be any different."

"I mean people will *eventually* put together the Clay thing."

"Would it be so bad?" Dream's voice sounded small, and he wanted to smack himself.

But George's face softened, and he gently stroked across Dream's jaw, "No, I suppose it wouldn't."

It was easy to adjust back into a roommate atmosphere with Dream. They started dating not too long after moving in together the first time, so George wasn't too concerned. He was a bit hurt when Sapnap did decide to sign with the Red Bulls but opted to live in the city.

### Text Messages: sappy, gogy

**gogy:** we could literally ride to practice together, it's not like you'd be late.....

**sappy:** idk man i just think some independence would be cool at first and then if things go well we live together

**gogy:** sap :(((

**sappy:** ik what face ur making right now and it won't work. i'm not dream

**gogy:** dream? u mean teammate (#12) lol

**sappy:** oh my god it's been so many years. why haven't u changed it yet???

**gogy:** just so that i know who it is when he texts

**sappy:** because u know so many dreams

**gogy:** don't disrespect the rituals. they're intricate

**sappy:** i'm telling dream you fuckin weirdo

“Hey George,” he heard a few minutes later from the kitchen.

Perking up, George set his phone down on the couch, “Yeah?”

Dream emerged from the kitchen with two steaming mugs of coffee and both cats at his heels. He looked confused when he asked, “What is Sap going on about this teammate twelve thing?”

George snorted and took the mug Dream offered, “Oh, that’s how you’re entered in my phone. It’s so I could tell you and the rest of your stupid freshman class apart.”

“We’ve been dating for like five years now.”

“And? I like the consistency over the years,” George told him, not willing to budge.

Dream shook his head, huffing out a laugh, and kissed George’s temple, “Love you too, George.”

George beamed and tugged at Dream’s shirt, grabbing his attention back to actually kiss him for the first time that morning.

**@dreamwastaken:** looking for a new roommate. mine drank the last of the coffee and didn't tell me

-- **@sapnap:** yeah that sounds on brand lol

-- **@dreamenthusiast:** do u live with karl?

---- **@dreamwastaken:** i'd never live with a teammate

---- **@sapnap:** dream wishes

**@14davidson:** who do we think dream's roommate is team

-- **@unionredbulls:** idk could be sapnap. new york and philly are close enough

---- **@14davidson:** true and we know dream moved recently too

-- **@gogyenjoyer:** what abt george?

---- **@georgendream:** george probably lives w his boyfriend

----- **@gogyenjoyer:** oh....forgot abt that my b

They also picked up some of their favorite things to do together in college. Stuff like late night drives and picnics and fooling around on a field if they could find an empty one with no one around.

Dream had trouble sleeping sometimes, so the two of them often went out and ran around to help him wind down. George knew he struggled a lot when he was in Philly with both sleeping and even relaxing at night in his own home. It was why they spent so many nights on the phone together.

Their new apartment was in a suburb, so they could usually find one, but it had to be at night, and it reminded George of sneaking out of the dorms past curfew and hopping fences to get to their team's practice field. Sometimes with Sapnap, but usually without.

The way it usually went was Dream would show up in the doorway of whatever room George was sitting in, wearing shorts and a t-shirt, cleats in one hand, and tilt his head to the front door. George would sigh but stand up anyway, not *really* minding all that much.

There was a park a few blocks away from the apartment, and Dream started to favor that field to the others they'd found. He'd run around the field a few times, urge George to go a few rounds of one on one for some actual practice, and then the two of them would work on trick shots until Dream finally tired out.

**@dreamwastaken:** late nights in the middle of june

*Picture attached (1): Dream's foot on top of a soccer ball, cleat laces loosened*

-- **@14redbulls:** um. uM. UM!!!

*Picture attached (1): Zoomed in screenshot from Dream's picture showing half of a jacket on the ground.*

---- **@gogyenjoyer:** IS THAT A RED BULLS JACKET???

----- **@14redbulls:** YES GOGY ENJOYER I THINK IT IS

**@dreamwastaken:** lol whoops

-- **@dreamenthusiast:** dream and sap roommates confirmed

---- **@sapnap:** or is it

“Now who’s causing problems?” George asked from the passenger seat, feet propped up as he

scrolled through his phone.

“Yeah,” Dream trailed off, tapping the steering wheel with his thumbs absentmindedly, “My bad.”

George pouted, “That’s my job though.”

Dream laughed, reaching over at a red light to brush an errant strand of hair off of George’s forehead, “I’m sure you’ll get it back soon.”

He hummed, catching Dream’s hand in his and entwining their fingers as Dream started driving again, a few blocks away from the apartment building. Dream squeezed his hand as George started typing with his other hand, “I’ll just take it back. I ignored one of your tweets the other day.”

**@dreamwastaken:** listening to music and thinking

-- **@georgenotfound:** think about this dick fucko

George burst into giggles and stayed laughing until they parked, Dream growing mildly concerned as George’s phone started vibrating uncontrollably. He almost dreaded asking, “What did you just do?”

“Nothing,” George waved his hand as if to wave Dream’s concerns away.

It was not nothing, and Dream choked when he saw the reply, coughing loudly with a hand over his chest, “George!”

“Isn’t it funny?”

“Funny?!”

---- **@unionredbulls:** GEORGE??? HELLO?!!?!

---- **@12dream:** w h a t the FUCK

**@gogyenjoyer:** no one talk to me, think abt this dick fucko is the only thing i’ll be thinking about for the next month and a half

-- **@14davidson:** i am begging george to stop tweeting

---- **@georgenotfound:** why?

----- **@14davidson:** WHY ARE U LIKE THIS?

George almost lost control of his Twitter account after that. The Red Bulls PR manager sent him a strongly worded email about changing his password, and George agreed to back off. He read his favorite line from the email to Dream while they were laying in bed.

*George you have to be careful flirting with straight men on Twitter, it might not be well received on the field when the season starts.*

Dream’s hand that was running through George’s hair paused, and George looked up at him with a smile, “I can’t believe I’ve been in love with a straight man for all these years.”

“You’re in love with a straight man?” Dream sniffed dramatically, “I have competition?”

Patting Dream's cheek gently, George shook his head, "No, you're the only straight man I'd ever fall in love with."

It got busier when preseason started, both men were too tired to do much outside of train and eat and sleep. They laid on the couch together at night, watching movies with their cats on the ground in front of them, icing ankles and knees. It was a nice reprieve after being around the media and filming fan content in all downtime.

**@NewYorkRedBulls:** Get to know our newest player Sapnap!

*Video attached (1): George and Sapnap answering fan questions from Twitter*

-- **@gogyenjoyer:** george and sap!!! they're besties!!!

-- **@unionredbulls:** george is so much more family friendly when he's not in control lol

-- **@14davidson:** george has cats and we've never gotten cat content wtf???

---- **@georgenotfound:** yes u have

**@14davidson:** everyone immediately respond with george's cat pics its for science

-- **@12dream:** i don't think he has anything posted of them, sap showed a pic though

---- **@14davidson:** they looked kinda familiar in sap's pic but also um?

*Picture attached (1): Screenshot of George's previous tweet*

----- **@georgenotfound:** ;)

"Have you ever thought about how you want to do it?" Sapnap asked one afternoon during a lunch break.

"Do what?" George responded, glancing up from his phone.

"Tell everyone about you and Dream."

George shrugged, "We've never really talked about it. Honestly, I'm surprised no one's figured it out yet. There have been some...leaks."

Sapnap snorted, "Yeah, the jacket, the drunk tweets, the garbage takeout containers."

"The cats," George added.

"The cats," Sapnap agreed, "I felt bad after that by the way. I thought I just ruined everything."

"It's not like we were particularly hiding it at first. We didn't get a lot of time together so when we did get to see each other it made sense to stay offline and things were kept private by default. And then it was just something that's kind of funny."

"It is pretty funny."

George smiled softly, "Yeah, Dream had a rough start last season with handling his city's expectations of him as well as some of his more difficult teammates. He got overwhelmed a lot and it was free, mindless entertainment for us both to do together while we were separated."

-- **@unionredbulls:** \*cracks knuckles\* okay let's chat theories now that the season is abt to start

-- **@gogsnotfound:** we win for sure this year, no one stands a chance w sap added to the roster

---- **@unionredbulls:** we'll be so unstoppable!!! george + sap top striker duo in the league

-- **@gogyenjoyer:** i think they'll prob do more stuff with lgbt charities in ny now that george is out!!!

---- **@unionredbulls:** oh! i really hope so!! that would be <3

-- **@Punztw:** sapnap mvp arc this season

---- **@sapnap:** real not fake

---- **@unionredbulls:** punz???? did he pay u to say this???

----- **@Punztw:** yes :(

-- **@14redbull:** i think we meet george's bf this year!!

---- **@georgenotfound:** lol

---- **@sapnap:** i bet u won't want to

“Ready?” George asked, toes digging into Dream’s thighs to get his attention.

Dream hummed, looking up at him from where he was laying on the couch, “For what?”

“The tweet,” George wiggled his phone to emphasize his point.

“Oh,” Dream reached out and caught the collar of George’s t-shirt, using it to pull him closer for a kiss before answering, “I’m ready.”

**@georgenotfound:** me and mine are ready for tomorrow :)

*Picture attached (1): Dream sitting on the couch mid-laugh with a cup of coffee wearing a New York Red Bulls hoodie and Cat on his lap*

-- **@sapnap:** tell dream he's a simp

---- **@georgenotfound:** he said fuck off

**@dreamwastaken:** george wouldn't put on union merch but he told me good luck <3

-- **@georgenotfound:** ur team colours are ugly

---- **@dreamwastaken:** ur still colorblind idiot

“I love you,” George spoke, catching Dream’s attention just as he hit send on a tweet.

He beamed, reaching out to pull George into a tight hug, “Love you too, George.”

## End Notes

follow me on [tumblr](#) pals.

and while you're at it, follow my beta reader on [tumblr](#) too, they're very neat!!  
the next chapter of the enola holmes au will be up in the next few days too!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!